

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Italia Dolorosa

By EDITH M. THOMAS

Offered in sympathy to Italians in America

O lovely, stricken land
Of the fierce Titan's home,
That wakes, and throws the brand,
To make of thousand lives his priceless
hecatomb!

Thy dwellings, mart, and shrine,
A sepulture awaits—
Bitter as is the brine,
Or sail far blown upon Messina's azure
straits!

But land of every heart—
Of every dreaming soul
That homes to thee and art—
Madonna-land, we in thy sorrows seek
a part!

Who hath more right to share
(Of all the peoples earth)
The sorrows thou must bear?
So many sons of thine have here their
home and heart!

Divided by the sea,
Afar they stand and weep;
Their loves are slain in thee—
Lapped in burnt sepulture, or sunken
in the deep!

Thy Queen but yesterday
Thy little children sought,
Who hurt and moaning lay,
And as she bent to them the name of
"Mother" taught!

So would my own fair land
Unto thine orphaned ones
In guise of parent stand,
O call her "Mother," ye, sad Italy's
absent sons!

The Record Breaker

The sun was well to the west, hovering over those mountains of the Coats Range which form the more rugged outer wall of the Santa Clara Valley. Its rays slanting down into the valley shone full upon the group of scattered, white painted buildings, corrals, paddocks and stables of the Llano Alto horse ranch, and etched their elongated shadows on the smooth green surface of an adjacent field. A few hundred yards away, separated from the buildings by a stretch of yellow mustard and orange poppies—as though Nature, partial the old regime was trying to ingrain Spain's colors in the very soil—curved the quarter-mile track whose dust was daily kicked up by the slender, twinkling feet of some of the Llano Alto's trotting colts which were being forced gently but inexorably to drop an eighth or a sixteenth of a second from their past week's performance. For it is by patient, laborious effort, skillfully directed, that a trainer draws out of a young horse all the speed that is in him.

To-day MacArthur, trainer on the track with Queen L, the five-year-old bay mare upon which his hopes were chiefly based. She was hitched for the first time to a new, twenty-eight pound sulky, instead of the one hundred and fifty pound road cart in which MacArthur usually drove her, and she was making time that, although he seldom showed signs of emotion, caused the trainer's eyes to glisten and his hands, firm, supple and rein calloused, to tighten on the lines for an instant.

They went around the track four times; the mare stretched her lithe brown body, her hoofs beat a tattoo and the little sulky seemed to skim through the air like a bird in flight. Joe, one of the Llano Alto's exercise boys—a fourteen-year-old lad, sat like a miniature Janus on top of the white post that served to mark a start or finish. In the palm of his hand he held MacArthur's stop watch, and as the sulky, passed, called out the time made in each quarter.

MacArthur, with the air whistling past his head, and his face stung by the dirt and pebbles kicked up by the Queen's flying heels, did not catch what Joe called, but he knew almost to the second fraction what time they were making. This knowledge becomes an instinct with the trainers of fast horses.

MacArthur stopped the Queen a little beyond the white post. Joe unwound his legs, slid down and limped, now and then breaking into a hop in his eagerness, to the side of the sulky.

"Sa-ay," he said. "The Queen can go some alright, can't she, Mr. MacArthur?"

MacArthur, relaxing his gravity of demeanor for a moment in his pleasure, smiled and asked:

"What'd she make it in, lad?"

"1:09.4," said the boy, "first quarter, 50; second quarter, 49.4; third, 49.2, and last, 50.1, an' never broke her gait once, did she?"

"No," he answered. Then—"Not so bad with a heavy track to pull on and a heavy driver to pull." "Gee," said Joe, "what'll she do on the San Francisco track with a light weight behind. Lou Dillon will sure be fanned to a finish, and the Queen'll have the record for trotters."

MacArthur gathered up the reins. "I'm going to take her down the road a mile or two," he said. Have some hot water ready to clean her up when I get back, and tell the old man to hitch up Leopold and take him a couple of miles. He'll kick the roof off the stable before tomorrow if he don't get a run."

"All right, Mr. MacArthur," and Joe limped off across the variegated field toward the white fences of the Llano Alto.

MacArthur turned from the track and drove down a lane across the main road and into the narrower Homestead road which wound in among the prune orchard. On either side stretched the long unending rows of white blossomed trees that fascinate and tantalize the eye with their uniformity. Beyond the orchards rise the oval Santa Clara foothills, streaked here and there with patches of poppies, as though Nature in her abundance had dipped her brush in gold and splashed and flecked their upland meadows. At sundown, more than at any other time of day, the fragrance of blossoms permeates the air. It comes in undulations, now a thread of sweetness like a suggestion, now an intoxication of odor.

Over these quiet ways evening broods long before descending, and the lengthened twilight is a time of quiet. The peace of the valley enrapt MacArthur. He drove through the waning light with slack lines, yet knew half through instinct and half through a sensitiveness gained from long acquaintance, every quiver of the Queen's body, and the cause of it immediately and involuntarily sprang into his mind almost as though he were felling simultaneously with the horse had he drove.

A certain satisfaction filled his soul—the satisfaction a man feels when, after long waiting, he is on the verge of having his ambition realized. Ever since he had become a trainer of trotting horses, and that dated from the time when as a boy he had left the Scottish lowlands, and included work in all the horse States from Kentucky to California, his ambition had been to train the record breaker.

The iron of Scotch Calvinism was in his blood, both by inheritance and training, and although its stern and somber theological beliefs, still remembered, shadowed MacArthur's life even in sunny California, they had left him a certain intensity that made some ambition necessary to give point and meaning to his life. How or why his life was that of a trainer of horses no one knew and no one asked. California is like a huge tent at a gala day festivity, wherein a generous holiday spirit prevails, and under whose spread of serene blue sky one man meets another without question in his heart or on his lips.

When MacArthur, after going his three miles, the usual length of the exercise stretch, turned again into the Llano Alto the shadows had already crept up and engulfed one side of the valley. A last wavering finger of light was touching along the hill crests; a faint line of pink in the western sky such as appears when one draws a finger across a baby's cheek, was all that remained of the sunset. A pair of tawny colts and a yelping, silk-coated spaniel welcomed him as he drove in. A moment later the door of the ranch house was thrown open, a fan-shaped flare of light streamed out from within, and the three exercise boys came out and walked around into the paddock where MacArthur was unhitching Queen L.

He looked at them curiously and, after a minute's silence, one of the boys spoke up and said:

"Say, Mr. MacArthur, Leopold bolted with the old man this afternoon. Browns have just telephoned down. Old man's at Brown's; his leg is busted and his collar bone's broken an'—"

"What happened to Leopold?" asked MacArthur sharply.

"Brown says he thinks his hind

pastern joint's to the bad, and the skin on both his knees is broken."

"How was the old man thrown?" "Wasn't thrown," answered the exercise boy; "he jumped—I guess he was afraid."

MacArthur's eyes darkened angrily. To be afraid of a horse was to break the cardinal tenet of the ranch. The boys watched him in silence. It was upon such occasions as this that the Llano Alto trainer, shaken out of his accustomed reticence, talked to them in a manner that made them feel that they were all men on an equality in one work, and that work was a skillful and important one.

"Lads," he said, "there is time enough to prevent any runaway between the time the horse gets scared and the time he bolts. But the one thing to do is not to lose your head; that means in nine cases out of ten that you will be killed and the horse made useless. Remember this—if you want to be horsemen, you only control a horse by cheating it into thinking that you are stronger than it is."

"But," said Joe, "if you lose your first chance and the horse bolts anyway—"

"Well," said MacArthur, "in the first place do not divide your strength by pulling equally on each line. Try to get a purchase on one line. A horse can not run long with his head jerked to one side." He stopped a minute, hesitated, and then said:

"There are a hundred ways I might tell—but there are times when none of them will do. When 'tis a matter of life and death, and"—this was the most important part of his speech—"if there is a precipice before you, or you are upon a steel hill, there is only one way. It is to shoot the horse—and if you shoot, shoot to kill, for the horse will be no good after except to a dealer in hides."

MacArthur finished, and his reticence falling upon him again strode off without further words.

One week after this, another man having been procured to take the place of the one hurt in the runaway, MacArthur with Queen L, and a string of two and three year olds, drove with Joe from the ranch up to San Francisco. It was part of the year's training programme to spend a couple of months in Francisco in order that the colt might be city broke.

The Queen had been broken to the city three years before and had spent a few months in it every year since. This time—the last before she would race—MacArthur wished to put the finishing touches on her on the park speedway.

Life in the city was little different from life in the country as far as MacArthur's daily training and exercising routine went. Instead of a quiet country road along which an occasional wagon driven by a sleepy farmer jogged, were paved city streets full of clanging cars and tooting automobiles; instead of white orchard trees against a background of shaded green hill slope, the straight lines of new buildings; instead of the droning quiet of a country road, the continual sound of the hammer as a new city sprang into being. But these were only the externals; the hours and the work itself was the same. Day after day the youngsters were taken from their box stalls near the Panhandle and driven around the streets.

MacArthur always took the colts himself until they were partly broken to the city, for this is a critical period in a colt's career, and his temper, his gait, his nerves, or a hundred other things may be spoiled by unskillful handling.

In order to have time for the colts, MacArthur left the daily exercising of the Queen to Joe, and confined his own work to taking her around the park speedway two or three times a week.

It is a trite saying the small things causes great ones. It was the conjunction of several small things that caused the catastrophe in MacArthur's life.

One Sunday morning, after MacArthur had been two months in San Francisco, Poppy, owner of the Llano Alto, borrowed the buggy in which the Queen was usually driven. That same morning MacArthur telephoned from his room on Golden Gate Avenue, several blocks from

the park, to Joe at the paddocks and told him to hitch up the Queen and bring her over. Joe hitched the Queen to a buggy having shorter shafts than the one in which she had been driven.

Joe was a little late in starting and MacArthur came out upon the sidewalk in order to catch the first glimpse of him as he turned the corner and came down the hill, one of the steepest in San Francisco, which is a city of steep hills.

He had scarcely come out when the mare with Joe driving appeared at the top of the hill. Joe turned a sharp corner and the end of the short shaft jabbed the Queen. She gave a little nervous jump to the side. Then she slipped and fell to the cobbles. Almost immediately she scrambled to her feet again, but the shaft had twisted out of place and was sticking into her just where the skin is tenderest—where her right fore leg met her body.

She stood a moment squealing with pain, quivering all over, her legs braced and stiff—then bolted.

MacArthur when she first fell had bolted up the hill, but before he had taken a dozen steps the Queen was flying madly over the ground. Joe sat rigid, a hand on either side gripping the back of the seat, his face white, his eyes starting from his head in fear. He had dropped the reins and they whipped over the cobbles stones, sweeping out to the side in loops and circles.

MacArthur knew he could not stop the Queen on that hillside. Then he realized in one of those sudden flashes by which people think in an emergency that there was only one thing to do, and that he had only one instant in which to do it. His hand leaped back to his hip pocket and he drew his revolver. He aimed; then a single thought blazed up in his mind—"The record breaker!" He did not consciously think it; rather it suddenly and involuntarily welled up in his mind from those depths which exist below consciousness.

He hesitated just the fraction of a second—and it was too long. The horse, the rattling cart and the white faced boy passed. To MacArthur, white and still, on the curb the whole thing seemed unreal. It was like the flashing of a picture on a biograph canvas—terribly vivid for a second, then disappearing and leaving blankness.

Fifteen minutes later MacArthur stood holding the bridle of Queen, quivering still but unhurt except where the hair had been rubbed off along her side by the shaft, and the skin was slightly broken.

Near MacArthur was the city ambulance, and all around him surged a moving crowd of people. MacArthur stopped the flow of soothing monotone words which he was using to the horse and turned to the officer on the ambulance steps.

"Is he—dead?" he asked. "Died almost instantly—neck broken," said the officer, and MacArthur turned away, white and shaken, the dawn of a new fear in his eyes.

MacArthur drove the Queen slowly along the Homestead Road. The June air was warm and fragrant, the sky a clear pure blue, the hills green, lined here and there with brown and buff, girded at their base with changing mists. But the Llano Alto trainer looked neither at the sky nor the hills. He hardly noticed the mare as he drove but fixed his eyes, heavy and somber with thought, on the yellow road ahead.

He drove silently except for a clucking noise in his throat that served as conversation between him and the mare, that through the force of habit, he made unconsciously.

For the past week he had been again in the valley. Another exercise boy had been procured to fill Joe's place. The ranch life went on in the same way, at the same rate as before; as it had other years when he had come back with the colts from San Francisco.

But with MacArthur himself things were different. Always grave he had grown morose. The old Calvinistic strain in his blood, his birthright from his Scottish forefathers awoke in him, bringing with it the remembrance of the stern creed taught him in his youth—its unalterable judgments of and

atonements for sin, its unwavering belief in punishment. On his lone drives he tortured himself with a crude self-analysis, and moral cross-examination.

"Had he committed a terrible sin that moment when he stood hesitating on the street curb in the city? Had he been guilty of a conscious choice? Had he sacrificed a human life to his ambition? Was he indeed a murderer?"

In a blurred and groping way he tried to judge himself, but always the judgment illuded him.

He hated to think of that moment and yet it had a fascination that drew him back to it. He lived over in imagination the scene again and again, and every part of it—the long hill, the white faced boy, the swirling reins; the sunshine on the cobbles stones were all vivid in his memory. But that one moment when he had failed—that illuded and tantalized him as a dark spot in light illudes and tantalizes the eye. At the end of his long self-interrogation, he would cry half aloud, torn by his doubts and fears:

"I do not know. O, God, I do not know."

But tortured as he was he did not let the training of the Queen suffer. Every Sunday young Poppy came down with the man who was to drive her in the race, and watched her step her mile with anxiety, hope and pride. It was nearing the end of June and she was entered early in July for her first race, in which MacArthur was sure he would break the trotting record—1:58½—held by the famous Lou Dillon.

MacArthur stood alongside the track, a hundred feet from the goal post. Next him was Poppy. Both had stop watches and both were watching with close pressed lips and straining eyes the horses running on the farther side of the track directly opposite them. Above on the grand stand men and women cheered and called. MacArthur's eyes followed every movement of Queen L, who was in the lead. That he had expected, but would she break the record?

Queen L made the turn on the inside, skimmed over the ground as though she scarcely touched it, and came down the track in a cloud of dust. Poppy glanced at his watch, then caught MacArthur's arm and whispered hoarsely: "She will break the record!"

A quiver of joy ran through the trainer, then suddenly he turned stiff and cold. A clear light broke over his clouded consciousness. In sudden overwhelming realization he knew that judgment had been suspended through the weeks until this ultimate moment.

He looked up. The Queen was near, her neck stretched, her hoofs beating a light thunder. For a moment MacArthur's heart bounded with joy. He had trained her! She was the perfect work of his hands, heart and brain. Then fear came upon him—fear of his sin; fear of the stain of murder, and for a brief moment the two fought within him.

The Queen was so near that he could see the rolling of her eyes, line of foam that flecked her bit. The roaring of the grand stand, huge and unintelligible broke on his ears like the beat of the surf.

The tones of Poppy's voice came to him faintly as though from a long distance. The Queen was opposite him. Something seemed to cut through the mass of sound and call insistently now or too late.

Trembling all over he leaped forward and as the Queen passed, shot her in the breast.

"O, God," said the trainer, as a wave of men closed around him—"she did not break the record. I am not a murderer."—Sunset Magazine.

Presbyterian Notice.

UNIVERSITY PLACE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
TENTH STREET AND UNIVERSITY PLACE.

Rev. George Alexander, D.D., Pastor.

Meetings will be held at this Church during the present year. Bible Class meets at 3:30 o'clock Sunday afternoons, beginning January 10th, 1909.

Address all communications to the President, Mr. Archibald McL. Baxter, 33 West 60th Street, New York City.

RANDOM RAYS.

By AUGUSTA K. BARRETT.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a word of it.

—Omar Khayyam.

There is a correspondent of the *Silent Worker*, who evidently does not agree with old Omar in the above sentiment. Apparently, she thinks she can lure the "Moving Finger;" back to cancel not only a line, but whole paragraphs. She had a paragraph aimed at the *JOURNAL* in the November *Silent Worker*. In the January issue of the same paper, she attempts a curious feat of dexterity by saying she meant me!

Now I will make some extracts from the *Silent Worker* to explain the situation to the *JOURNAL* readers.

The New York DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL mentions all the conventions held in the East during the past summer, but leaves out the Western ones altogether. Can it be that the *JOURNAL* leaves the West entirely to the *Deaf American*, or lacks enterprise?—E. F. L., in the November number.

Stray Straws (E. F. L.) evidently borrows her papers for the deaf from friends who are on the D. H. list or pay for it. The *JOURNAL* has always given space to the reports of western conventions when some one out there sends in intelligent "copy." * * * —R. E. Maynard in the December number.

The (Maynard) Owl has turned his big blinkers in my direction and hooted one of his loud screeches at me!

Hooty-tooty, why screech at a mere stray straw which happens to blow more ways than one?

It is well known that Mrs. J. W. Barrett (Augusta Kruse Barrett) is the New York DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL mid-west representative, but for months past she has been so busy filling her lamp and keeping it trimmed to cast forth "Random Rays" that her regular news correspondence for the *JOURNAL* was neglected. Hence the little stray straw which showed up such delinquency at Editor Hodgson's expense and which started the Owl's silly hooting. Editor Hodgson is always a genial gentleman, and is altogether too busy to pick up fights about nothing. And Mrs. Barrett promptly made good by sending in a most excellent, though tardy letter full of convention news. * * * —E. F. L. in the January number.

No one, reading the first of the above clippings, would think she meant me. Her statement was plain enough "Can it be that the *JOURNAL* leaves the West entirely to the *Deaf American*, or lacks enterprise?"

Being shown by Mr. Maynard that her accusation of the *JOURNAL* is both unjust and untenable; and also seeming piqued at the unexpected appearance of my letter in the *JOURNAL*, she makes the silly and far-fetched assertion that because of my "neglect of news correspondence," she showed up, "such delinquency at Editor Hodgson's expense." We have her own admission that the Stray Straws are unreliable where she says to Mr. Maynard, "Why screech at a mere stray straw that happens to blow more ways than one?" Does she suppose any one, who reads the Stray Straws, is going to stop, and ponder, and conjecture, as whether the straws are blowing North, East, South or West? I have met E. F. L. on several occasions since the Waterloo Convention, and if she was so anxious to have said convention reported, by me for the *JOURNAL*, why not speak to me of it? I object to having her try to shift the blame for her own mistake in judgment on me.

Seemingly E. F. L. realizes the seriousness of her offense and attempts to make it square with Editor Hodgson by saying he is a "genial gentleman and altogether too busy to pick up a fight about nothing."

Is it NOTHING to rush into print and say an influential and popular paper like the *JOURNAL* lacks enterprise?

She fools herself if she thinks people will so easily swallow her statement that it was nothing.

My "Random Rays" have been devoted to comments on affairs of general and national interest to the deaf, and have failed to please E. F. L., as she complains of my neglect of my "news correspondence." She thus usurps a prerogative of Editor Hodgson's, because if he thought I should be restricted to "news correspondence," it was for him to say so. I now come to another mis-statement made by her. She says, I am the *JOURNAL*'s

"mid-west representative." No such onerous position has ever been conferred on me. I have been a correspondent for the *JOURNAL* since 1899, when at the St. Paul Convention, I was first asked to write for it. I was not, however, specially appointed as the *Iowa representative* of the paper, as there were at that time two other "writing from Iowa—Decoursey French from Dubuque, and Lyman Glenn from Des Moines. I had never reported a convention for the *JOURNAL*, tho' the I. A. A. D. had meetings in 1901 and 1905. Who reported those for the *JOURNAL* I do not know, but presumably it was one of the officers. My letter of last November did not pretend to be an official account. I said in it that I was giving my impressions of the convention. Any one is at liberty to write his impressions of a convention months or years after said meeting has adjourned.

P. S.—Her disposition to twist and curve matters is also shown in what she wrote in the December *Silent Worker* regarding the Ladies' Aid Society for the Deaf, of Council Bluffs, Iowa. We had three meetings—one in October, one in November, the last one early in December. These were all held for the express purpose of deciding whether we should disband as a society and what we should do with our money. Despite the importance of these meetings, E. F. L. condescended to come to only one, the November meeting. She said in her account in the *Worker* that we met to "sew, gossip and drink tea." Not a stitch of sewing was done at any of these meetings; cocoa and small cakes were served at each meeting, and if (in the little time that was left) after the business discussion, we exchanged little items, of news about our little world, it could hardly be called gossip in the ordinarily accepted sense of the term. Well, we decided to disband, and gave our money (\$28.16) to the Benefit Fund of the Iowa Association. We had only five members left, and there is hardly any need here for such a Society.

Generous Offer Accepted.

A suitable site and a thoroughly modern and well equipped hospital for the care of persons having tuberculosis, is the gift which has just been made to the city of Elmira, on the condition that this hospital shall be maintained in a completely up-to-date manner by the city at public expense, to be free to citizens of Elmira, except that the hospital may receive compensation for the treatment therein, to the extent of a patient's ability to pay, a plan said to be in perfect accord with the most scientific principles of modern philanthropy. The public-spirited citizens who are the donors of the hospital, are Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Rapelyea. During the latter part of the month of November, the city of Elmira was the scene of an active and vigorous campaign against tuberculosis, which was conducted by the State Charities Aid Association, and New York State Department of Health, in connection with Ninth New York State Conference of Charities and Corrections. A series of meetings were held, extending throughout an entire week, and the Elmiraans were aroused to the need of taking immediate steps with a view to stamping out this dread disease. Within the past year similar educational campaigns have been conducted in some fifteen cities of the State, but in no city has such important action been taken so immediately following the campaign. It was the verdict of the International Congress on Tuberculosis at Washington last September, that of all the measures, which should be taken to prevent the spread of tuberculosis, there is no one which is equal in importance to that of the provision of hospital care for the advanced cases; and hence, Elmira has reason to be proud of herself for having her forces well in the van in this great struggle against the White Plague.

In Victoria, Australia, the children are carried to and from school on the electric cars free of charge.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 21, 1909

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 1143 Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.
One Copy, one year \$1.00
If not paid within six months, 1.50

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Contributions, subscriptions and Business letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

In his capacity as editor of the *Deaf American*, George William Vedliz argues against the classification of the deaf as "defectives" in the United States Census Reports. He thinks the word should be used only to distinguish the idiotic and imbecile, and the JOURNAL editor cordially agrees with him. He says a one-armed man might be classed as "defective," as might "one who has lost the big toe of his off hind-foot." We won't argue those points; but when he insinuates that the aesthetic might raise the point that a red-headed man is also a "defective," we rise up and take issue with the world. A red-headed man is not a "defective," he is a "supervative."

"Are things what they seem,
Is it George that I doubt—
Is our civilization a failure,
Or is the Caucasian played out."

In Memoriam.

At a stated meeting of the Parishioners of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, held on Tuesday, January 17th, the following minute was unanimously adopted:—

"As it has pleased Almighty God in His wise providence to take from our friend and late associate, Timothy Francis Driscoll, the Vicar, Curate and Parishioners of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes hereby place on record our profound sense of the loss we have sustained and our high appreciation of his many virtues. Warm of heart, courteous in deportment, full of kindly humor, of enthusiastic temperament, and of devout and sterling Christian character, he ever lent ready aid and encouragement to enterprises that promised real benefit to his fellows and exerted influence for good upon all with whom he came in contact. We, who have been pleased by so close association with him, shall always miss with deep regret his genial, stimulating comradeship. Only with aching hearts can we say to the great disposer of destinies: 'Thy will be done.' Yet we find consolation in the confidence that the Father 'doeth all things well,' and 'does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men,' and in the belief that our friend has been called from a service here, that seems to us all too short, to a higher place in the kingdom and a nobler sphere of service under happier conditions free from earthly trammels.

"Grateful for the good example vouchsafed us in his life and work; sorrowing, yet confident, we commend his soul into the hands of God, 'as into the hands of a faithful Creator and most merciful Saviour'; devoutly praying 'that it may be precious in His sight.'"

"Father in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping."

At a regular meeting of the Brooklyn Guild, held on the evening of January 7th last, the following preamble and resolution were unanimously passed:—

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty to remove from our midst our esteemed friend, Prof. T. F. Driscoll; and,

WHEREAS, Prof. Driscoll was a man of sterling worth, in whom were united the qualities of gentleness, truthfulness and sincerity of purpose, and who enjoyed to the fullest extent the confidence of the Brooklyn Guild and all others who knew him well; and,

WHEREAS, In the death of Prof. Driscoll, the deaf of our city, without regard to race, color or religion has lost a most sincere friend and well wisher, who upon many occasions proved his disinterested friendship for them by his self-sacrificing labors in their behalf, and thus won their confidence and respect; and,

WHEREAS, In his death the Brooklyn Guild, while sustaining an irreparable loss, bows to the will of the Almighty, who doeth all things for the best; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Brooklyn Guild, offer our sincere prayers for the eternal rest of our friend and brother, Prof. Driscoll; that the sympathies of the Guild go to his widow and immediate family, and as a token of our esteem and in recognition of his worth as a man, these minutes be entered upon the books of the Brooklyn Guild, and offered for publication to the various papers of the deaf.

Respectfully,
GEO. L. REYNOLDS,
HENRY L. JOHNSON,
JOHN WILKINSON.

BALTIMORE.

On the evening of January 18th, under the auspices of Grace Deaf-Mute Mission, Mr. Herbert Claude Merrill, of Washington, gave a delightful reading of General Lew Wallace's masterpiece, "Ben Hur." There was a large attendance to listen to the reading, which was at times quite dramatic. Those who failed to come missed a delightful hour or two, and for them we might well express a feeling of regret.

Preparations for the Annual Oyster Supper of the Mission, which is to occur on the evening of January 21st, are well under way. The Committee in charge are working faithfully and hard, and we expect this year's supper to be one of the best in recent years. We extend an invitation to all the deaf of Baltimore, to come and partake of the good things that are in store for them.

On Sunday afternoon, January 10th, Rev. O. J. Whildin baptized the second child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. Reamy in Grace Church. The little one was named Mary Iola.

Miss Alice Edelen returned recently from a visit to Washington. Miss Wiegand and Miss Shipley were also visitors to the National Capital not long ago, the former as the guest of Miss Pannebaker.

Lincoln's Birthday, February 12th, will be celebrated at Grace Parish Hall with a lecture by Rev. Mr. Whildin, on the life of the great Emancipator.

We regret very much that Mrs. Vura, formerly Miss Mary Hosack, has been removed to Bayview Hospital, suffering with tuberculosis in its advanced stages. Many of the former pupils of the Frederick School, will recall Mrs. Vura as a bright, vivacious and beautiful girl. Since her marriage to Mr. Vura, a hearing man, she has not been seen much among the deaf. She has three bright children. This case of tuberculosis reminds us of other cases, and prompts the query as to whether deaf-mutes are more than usually prone to tuberculosis. Certain it is that the largest number of cases of illness among the deaf in Maryland, are and have for years been cases of tuberculosis.

The *Silent Churchman* for January is a six-pager this time. The publisher, Rev. Mr. Flick, of Chicago, announces in an editorial that the increase has come to stay. We are glad to hear of this, for the *Churchman* invariably contains a great deal that is interesting and readable for members of the Church. On the pages devoted to items from Missionaries we find, however, that only three out of the seven missionaries contribute anything. These three are the missionaries working in the Central West, the Northern Central and the Southern Dioceses of the Episcopal Church. We hope the other seven will soon appear and announce to an anxious constituency that they are "not dead, but only sleeping."

The offerings at the services in Grace Mission recently were donated to the Italian Earthquake Sufferers. An acknowledgment appeared in the *Baltimore Sun* on the 8th inst.

We are glad to be able to say that Mr. Harry Achey is slowly recovering from illness. He is still confined in the hospital, but may soon be out.

Deaf and Dumb Messenger

PARIS, Jan. 9.—"Chanteleur" must be the most precious play that has ever been written. Anyway, Edmond Rostand, who regards it as his masterpiece, is taking extraordinary precautions against its being lost, stolen or tampered with between Cambo, in the Lower Pyrenees, where he has been working on it, and the Port Saint Martin Theatre, Paris, where it is to be produced.

Rostand is sending the play to Paris in sections, but he will not trust the manuscript even to registered post. A trusty Basque peasant, who is deaf and dumb and cannot write, is employed to travel between Cambo and Paris with instalments of "Chanteleur."

This man only understands the deaf and dumb alphabet in the Basque language, so that he can hardly be indiscreet. As he is honesty itself, and can be relied on to obey his instructions implicitly, Rostand's mind is easy about the safety of his precious play.

Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf.

Services every Friday evening, at 8:15 o'clock sharp, at Temple Beth Israel Bikur Cholim, 72d Street and Lexington Avenue, New York City. All are welcome.

FANWOOD.

Last Saturday evening, January 16th, Prof. W. G. Jones entertained the members of the Fanwood Literary Association with a most excellent lecture on "The Agreement between the United States and Japan." From the start to the finish not a detail escaped his interested audience, as the lecture was of vital importance.

It is useless to try to give any description of Prof. Jones' masterful delivery, clear and concise, as he is recognized as the best sign-maker in the country. That in itself was worth while watching, and many declared it to be a literary treat of first water. He made it clear that the agreement concerned every whole-souled American, and all should understand the question fully. Not in a single instance was his lecture in need of moisture to keep it from being a little too dry. At the conclusion the Second Vice-President, Carl Lautenberger, who had charge of the meeting, asked that a vote of thanks be tendered Prof. Jones, which was passed unanimously. The meeting then adjourned, no further business being brought forth.

Last Saturday afternoon a picked team among the older boys was gotten up to play against the St. Christopher's team (colored), in the gymnasium.

The game was rather hotly contested, but the fast work and clever goal shooting on the part of our boys saved the day. It finally ended in the Picked Team defeating the St. Christopher team by the score of 14 to 12. Following is the summary:—

Second Team	Pos.	St. Christopher
Solov	R.F.	Hangroo
Stokely	L.F.	Hammond
Wax	C.	Russell
Kulpe	R.G.	Bishop
Morgan	L.G.	Johnson
Foland		

Field Goals—Morgan, 3; Stokely, 1; Wax, 1; Foland, 1; Hangroo, 1; Hammond, 1; Russell, 1; Foul Goals—Wax and Foland, 4; Hammond, 4; Hangroo, 1; Bishop, 1. Referee—Dr. Seikel. Scorer—Mr. Gallagher, of Fanwood. Timekeeper—Mr. Tait.

The Lincoln Five, a team composed of Fanwood's younger set, next took possession of the court. They played against a team composed of their own size, also going under the title of St. Christopher. Like their elders on both sides, the youngsters played a neat, fast game, and being about equally matched, it held the interest of all who were present. The final score gave the honors to the Lincoln Five. The summary:—

Lincoln Five	Pos.	St. Christopher
Drake	R.F.	Brown
Golden, R.	L.F.	Miller
Brauer	C.	Williams
Werher	R.G.	Williams
Keeper	L.G.	Conner

Field goals—Golden, 2; Keeper, 2; Brauer, 2; Williams, 2; Foul goals—Brauer, 2; Williams and Bishop, 1; Referee—Dr. Seikel. Scorer—Mr. Gallagher, of Fanwood. Timekeeper—Mr. Hammond, of St. Christopher.

The heavy snowstorm which overtook the city last Saturday night, deposited about four inches of the feathery element to the great joy of the pupils, who, with unerring perception, foresaw no end of good times in store for them. Their ardor was dampened partially the next day when hail and rain descended until late in the afternoon. In the night Jack Frost took pity on them and visited "land wherein they live." Result: Coasting, the best we have had for some years; the skating rink under construction; and the beautifying of the buildings and trees by having them encased in ice which gave forth myriads of color, resembling big diamonds when lit up by the sun's rays. The girls were allowed to take the boys' sleds last Monday afternoon for an hour or so, and had an enjoyable time.

Last Monday evening, January 18th, the pupils and the members of the household were treated to a fine set of moving pictures in the chapel. The reels were soon running merrily when all were seated, and various subjects were thrown on the big sheet over the platform. The best among them were "Her First Kidnapping," showing how a child was kidnapped while following two gypsies, her recapture by the aid of a collie and two valiant members of the police force, after a most exciting chase. The other consisted of an auto race on the Vanderbilt Cup Course in Long Island, in which a young woman's hand and \$10,000 were the stakes. The only thing the pupils could say was that they were sorry the time was up so soon.

Last Monday, January 18th, was the one hundred and fifth anniversary of the birth of the late Benjamin E. Winthrop, who had been connected with this Institution for over twenty seven years. Instead of going to the chapel to be told about the man who did so much for the Institution, the pupils remained in their class rooms, where the teachers gave so much information as could be readily understood according to their abilities. But the substance of it all showed how in various ways he lent his influential and financial aid to the Institution in times of need. In one instance, he went so far as to mortgage his own home that the Institution might have enough funds to be maintained. This example was conspicuously shown to all in an endeavor

to have the pupils follow that same spirit of generosity and patience. Such a man can never be forgotten by the Institution. But until Time shall be no more his name will be kept green by the successive generations of the deaf.

Two other additions were made in the number of brass pieces already possessed by our band, being an E flat tuba and an E flat alto. Our band is certainly swelling at a remarkable rate and learn their music in incredibly short time, in spite of being afflicted. This speaks volumes for the instruction given by Prof. Michael Mehling, who has worked hard to get the band up to its present state of perfection.

In the magazine section of last Sunday's New York *World*, there was a rather interesting account of our band, in which Principal Currier was given his share of unstinted praise for his pushing energy and patience which has placed the school prominently and creditably in the eyes of the whole world.

C. L.

Spokane, Wash.

Spokane Association of the Deaf was organized in this city last Thanksgiving evening. The new Constitution and By-Laws were adopted. New officers were elected as follows: President, H. O'Leary; Vice-President, Mrs. Susie Smith; Secretary, Philip Axling; Treasurer, Mrs. Sadie Bergh; Sergeant-at-Arms, Clyde Peterson. The society meets twice every month.

Miss Edna Marshall, a graduate of Gallaudet College, who came to Spokane from Portland, Oregon, last December, is employed in an office and lives with her mother. She joined the society on December 31st. We are glad to have her join our society.

Mrs. Susie Smith returned here last Monday, from a three-week visit to her parents and relatives in Everett, Wash. She is employed in the Empire Crackers factory.

Miss Flora Anderson came to Spokane from Iowa last Fall, to visit her sisters and relatives. She is staying with her sister now, and is looking for a job here.

Edward Whipple is painting his parents' house nicely.

A double wedding occurred on Friday night, January 1st, at the home of Edward Whipple's parents, when his sisters, Estella and Helen, were married to Edgar Andrews and Harry Barriek. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. H. Fertig, pastor of Fowler Memorial Church. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews will make their home in Southern Idaho, and Mr. and Mrs. Barriek will live at North Yakima.

Billy Sunday is a famous baseball player Evangelist, who came to Spokane from Chicago last Christmas, to preach at the Tabernacle and extend service till February 1st. A large crowd attends his sermon every day and night. Many deaf-mutes attend his sermon, which is interpreted by Mrs. J. H. O'Leary. Since last week the weather has been very cold, colder than for several years. Thousands of unemployed men in consequence suffer. The homeless and penniless are given food by the well-to-do. Billy Sunday allows them to stay in the Tabernacle at night till the weather is not so cold as at present. Among the unemployed there are several deaf-mutes.

The *Daily News* says:—A deaf-mute sleeping in a room adjoining the saloon of George Smith, at Wapato, Wash., narrowly escaped death from a fire, which partially destroyed the saloon. The proprietor and Elmer Eaton are under arrest on suspicion of arson. The building was insured, it is understood, for \$3,000. Men who saw the fire, which broke out at 1 A.M., remembered the deaf and dumb man, and awakened him in time.

William S. Smith, the deaf-mute who secured a patent on a pocket-scissors, is looking for a small shop to manufacture his invention in Spokane.

Michel Coyne, of Coeur Alane, Idaho, is on a visit here.

We are pleased to read the news items from Chicago in the JOURNAL, and wish to thank our friend, Mr. H. A. Brieble.

C. A. Reemle is still employed in the hardware business for his father-in-law.

John Slightens bought five-acre in Meadow Lake. He is going to build a new barber and cigar store, and will also plant fruit-trees on his property. We wish him success.

H. W. Murray has been employed in a cafe here for nearly two years.

Alfred E. Arnot is learning to operate a Moving Picture stereoscope, in order to be able to operate a large stereoscope in a theatre here.

Philip Axling last October bought a fine new house. He and Mr. Bergh are the two deaf-mutes who own their own houses in Spokane.

Mr. and Mrs. Toner, formerly of Nebraska, moved to this place last Spring. Mr. Toner is employed in the Inland Empire Railway, as a painter.

The Spokane *Review* of January 4th says:—

Formation of a State Association of the Deaf and the necessity of giving more attention to the success of the State School for the Deaf

were taken up at a meeting of the Spokane Association held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Toner, 8520 Sherman Street. This meeting was attended by deaf-mutes from all parts of the Inland Empire. The Spokane Association is a new organization, but is officered by men who have belonged to similar associations in other cities.

"There are two well defined matters that will receive the attention of the Spokane Association of the Deaf for the next few months," said Secretary P. L. Axling yesterday.

"The first is the formation of a State Association of the Deaf, which shall cement together in one organization the entire adult population of deaf people in the State, much on the same lines as the various organizations of business men are conducted—for mutual benefit. The formation of a State Association was taken up at a previous meeting and at the recent meeting the committee in charge of this work reported favorable progress. There will be a gathering of the deaf of Washington, at the State School in Vancouver the coming summer, the Board of Control of the school having authorized Superintendent Clarke to extend an invitation to the deaf of the State to meet there and be the guests of the school for a few days at the close of the term.

MOVEMENT IS STATE WIDE.

"The Spokane Association immediately upon learning about this plan, appointed a committee to take up the formation of a State Association. This committee is sending out invitations to the deaf in all part of the State to appoint similar committees, the duty of which it shall be to draw up a constitution and by-laws and effect a regular organization while at the Vancouver Convention.

The success of the move seems assured, but to interest all the deaf in central and eastern Washington the Spokane Association decided, at the meeting last week, to hold an informal gathering in this city on February 20th. Every deaf person in the Inland Empire, both in Washington and Idaho, is urged to be present at this meeting. While social features will occupy most of the evening at the gathering, the subject of a State Association will receive careful attention in a business way.

"Another matter of great importance which received careful consideration was the necessity of the deaf of the State giving more attention to the success of the State School for the Deaf. Several of the members spoke upon the subject, and the consensus of opinion was that the Spokane deaf as a body should do everything in their power to advance the interests of the school.

TO ASK LIBERAL APPROPRIATION.

"This institution is doing a great work and the people of the State should know more fully about the school. The Legislature is to be urged to give the school as liberal consideration in appropriations as the other State Institutions. It has generally been the case that the other institutions, such as the penitentiary, university and State college, have had active workers at the legislative sessions, resulting in their receiving liberal appropriations. In the case of the School for the Deaf and the Blind at Vancouver the officers have stayed at home and attended to their duties, which has not been as conducive to liberal treatment on the part of the Legislature as if a few of them were on hand at Olympia urging the interests of the institution all the time.

"To do something for the school the members at the meeting last week appointed a legislative committee. I am chairman of this committee, which is preparing to get into communication with the legislators."

The next meeting of the Spokane Association of the Deaf will be held January 16th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. O'Leary, 8 415 Hillard Street.

William B. Wayman Dead

William Baxter Wayman, a deaf-mute, of this place, died at the home of his brother-in-law, Chas. D. Seaton, Saturday morning last, after a protracted illness, which had its beginning some seven years ago in a street car accident in Chicago. He was born near Mountville, this State, June 23d, 1871, and entered the school for the deaf here in 1881. He graduated in 1889 with the highest honors of his class, having been a most exemplary and painstaking student in both the educational and industrial departments and was the first and only pupil who was able to do job work there. He had complete charge of the printing office at the Institution the last two years he was there. Mr. Wayman went to Chicago during the World's Fair and secured a position in a printing office there, which he held for ten years and was considered to have the best position of any of the deaf printers of that city. For several years past, he has made his home here as his health was growing steadily weaker.

The body was taken to Chicago Monday and the funeral services will be held there.—*Review, Roman, W. Va., Jan. 13.*

Rabbits are able to see behind as well as in front of them.

PHILADELPHIA.

The following appeal for a SPECIAL FUND FOR IMPROVEMENTS AND REPAIRS.

AT THE HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF, HAS BEEN ISSUED: "At the November meeting of the Executive Committee at the Home it was reported that certain improvements and repairs should be made at an early date. The most necessary of these are the installation of an improved system of water supply which, while providing a sufficient flow of water for all purposes in every part of the building, will also do away with the tank which occupies room that might be utilized for the accommodation of additional inmates and which is liable to cause much damage to the walls by leakage; reshingling of the roof which has been made weather tight only by frequent patching; and the erection of a substantial fence in the rear of the grounds to exclude boys of the neighborhood whose trespassing is a source of much damage and annoyance. The fund on hand not being sufficient for these expenditures, the Committee appointed a Sub Committee of three, consisting of Messrs. McVaine, Dantzer and Davidson, to raise the money in some way that would not interfere with receipts for the maintenance of the Home. The said Committee decided first of all to appeal to the parents of deaf children in the State, who might naturally be expected to appreciate and sympathize with such a charity, and to philanthropic men and women of means throughout the State. The amounts received in answer to this appeal up to December 24th, 1908, will be found in APPENDIX No. 1. The fund is still open, less than half the necessary sum having been raised, and any one desiring to contribute should remit to the Treasurer of the Committee and of the Home, Mr. S. G. DAVIDSON, 105 E. Durham St., Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, January 7th, Mr. Arthur D. Bryant, teacher of Art at Gallaudet College, lectured before the Clare Literary Association on the subject of "The Origin and Growth of the National Capital." It was Mr. Bryant's first appearance here in the role of a lecturer, and he treated his subject so interestingly and entertainingly that it was much enjoyed by the large audience present. His subject was not known until he had announced it from the platform, and, at first, we wondered how he could interest our people with such an old, dry-looking subject; but, presto! he gave such an artful delivery of both the serious and humorous sides of the Magnificent City that our wonder soon turned into smiles and appreciation. This was attested by the generous applause at his conclusion and the addition of a rising vote of thanks.

The Association held literary exercises last Thursday evening, 14th. The literary program is necessarily changed, for Thursday, January 21st Mr. T. E. Bray will lecture there in place of Mr. Davidson, and the latter will take Mr. Bray's place on February 11th.

Mr. S. G. Davidson was called home, to Boonton, N. J., by the sudden death of his mother last week, and he was thus forced to cancel his lecture engagements. He had seen his parents during the recent holidays and left them in good health, consequently the sudden talking off of his maternal parent was a great shock to him, and we extend him our deepest sympathy.

Mr. Adolph Yerkes is mourning the death of his niece, Miss Rosa Louise Yerkes, who died on the 14th inst., of Typhoid Fever, aged 19 years. She was buried today (Monday).

Mr. Henry D. Riegler, of Riegelsville Pa., has been in the city for a week visiting his sick sister.

Mrs. Thomas D. Delp has been elected Secretary of the Delaware County Local Branch, in place of Mr. Arnold, who resigned.

An entertainment of "silent vaudeville" will be given for the benefit of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, in the Guild Hall of the Church, on Saturday evening, January 30th. It will be under the direction of Mrs. George T. Sanders, which means that something good may be looked for. General admission will be fifteen cents.

Mrs. A. M. Palmer is threatened with blindness in both eyes. It was hoped to save one eye by an operation, but it seems to have been only partially successful. Her friends deeply regret her misfortune.

Remember the Men's Meeting in All Souls' Guild Hall, Wednesday evening, January 27th.

On January 16th, the Silent Five 1st and 2d teams defeated the Bethesda and Claremont A. C. team by 32 to 7, and 30 to 13, respectively.

Catholic Church Notices.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street—Instruction and Services in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the third Sunday of the month.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

BROOKLYN.—Knights of Columbus Hall, Hanson Place and South Portland Avenue.—Religious Instruction at 3:30 P.M., on the fourth Sunday of the month.

JERSEY CITY.—St. Peter's, 144 Grand Street, Services and Instruction in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the first Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of
REV. M. R. MCCARTHEY, S. J.

Up to 1906 Pennsylvania produced more natural gas than she could make use of, but now it is necessary to draw upon the supply of West Virginia.

The Marriage of Mr. Robert Craton Miller to Miss Nancy Elizabeth Hooper.

Mr. Robert Miller, a popular young man in our school and town, beloved by all who know him, was married December 22nd to Miss Elizabeth Hooper of Roanoke, Virginia. From the *Virginia Guide* (copied from the Roanoke *Evening World*) we take the following account of the marriage:

"The home of Mrs. S. A. Hooper, No. 818 Third Street, S. E., December twenty-third was the scene of a pretty and interesting marriage. The contracting parties were Miss Nancy Elizabeth Hooper, the pretty and accomplished young daughter of Mrs. Hooper, and Mr. Robert Craton Miller, of Morgantown, N. C.

"The marriage took place in the parlor which was beautifully decorated with Christmas greens. The bridal party entered the parlor to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, played by Mr. Clarence Hooper, brother of the bride. The bride was given away by her brother, George Hooper. Rev. W. S. Neighbors, D. D., pastor of Greene Memorial Church, officiated. Mr. Hugh Miller, of Shelby, N. C., brother of the groom, was bestman, and Misses Minnie Barret Watkins and Eula Marshall Mabry, cousins of the bride, were bridesmaids.

"The bride wore a handsome costume of London smoke cloth and carried bride's roses. The bridesmaids wore white mull and carried white carnations. An elegant luncheon followed the marriage, after which the couple left for Charlotte, N. C.

"Among the out-of-town guests were Mr. A. C. Miller, father of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Carroll, of Lynchburg; Mrs. Rebecca Watkins, daughter and son, Middleburg, N. C., and Mr. R. C. Watkins, of Richmond. "The bride was for several years president of a social club, and is one of the most charming young girls in the city. The groom is a member of the faculty of the Morgantown, N. C., School for the Deaf, and a young man of great promise."

Mrs. Miller is a young lady of charming manner and a very attractive personality. She lost her hearing, partially, when six years of age. She attended the public schools, took the course at the Virginia School for the Deaf at Staunton and also attended Gallaudet College at Washington, D. C. Her voice is very sweet and natural—the inflection is marvelous for one who has so little hearing.

THE *Deaf Carolinian* very heartily congratulates the happy couple and wishes for them a long life of wedded happiness.—*The Deaf Carolinian.*

MUTE PAIR SAVE BLIND PAIR.

An old deaf and dumb couple saved an old blind couple from death yesterday morning in a fire which wrecked the fourth, fifth and sixth floors at the six-story tenement house at No. 235 East 124th Street and sent twenty families scurrying to the snow and sleet-ridden street attired only in their night clothes. Mr. and Mrs. John Lloyd, deaf-mutes, lived on the fifth floor. On the floor above them lived Mr. and Mrs. William Paulsen, both blind. When the smoke from the fire below worked its way into the Lloyd apartments, the first thought of the mute couple was for the blind and helpless Paulsens on the floor above. There was a rapid working of the hands of the two deaf-mutes as they communicated to each other the mutual decision to rescue the blind couple even at the risk of their own lives.

"They are all alone," Mrs. Lloyd spelled out quickly with her fingers. "Their daughter and son-in-law have gone away for the night."

Hurrying from the apartment they went upstairs and knocked loudly at the door, Paulsen got up and let them in. How in the world the deaf and dumb folk ever succeeded in making the blind folk understand what the trouble was is not known. They succeeded in doing it, however, and led the Paulsens down the stairs to safety in the street.

The firemen met the strange procession at the front door and assisted the two old men and the two old women to the home of a neighbor to be cared for and protected against the cold. All the tenants succeeded in escaping, thanks to the quickness with which Patrolman Raphael of the East 126th Street police station turned in an alarm and then aroused those in the house.—*N. Y. Press, Jan. 18.*

Services in the Dioceses of Albany and Central New York.

First Sunday in the month: Morning, Troy; afternoon, Albany; evening, Amsterdam.

Second Sunday: Morning, Syracuse; afternoon, Oneida; evening, Utica.

Third Sunday: Morning, Troy; afternoon, Schenectady; evening, Herkimer.

Fourth Sunday: Morning, Utica; afternoon, Rome; evening, Syracuse.

The above is the ordinary arrangement of services. Departures from this arrangement and appointments for week-day services will be announced by postal card. H. VAN ALLEN, *Missionary*, 232 Grove Place, Utica, N. Y.



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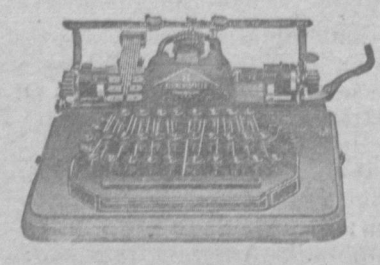
The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf-mutes.
The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the
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100 " " " .60
Cash in advance. Stamps preferred. Stamps must be sent for reply to inquiries, or for sample.

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MILITARY ENTERTAINMENT

AT THE
71st Regiment Armory
PARK AVENUE AND 34TH STREET
SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30, 1909
AT 8:30 O'CLOCK.

Company I, Seventy-First Regiment, N. G. N. Y., will hold their Annual Military Entertainment and Dance at the Seventy-First Regiment Armory, Thirty-Fourth Street and Park Avenue, Saturday evening, January 30th, 1909.

The principal feature of this year's affair will be a Regimental Review and Parade, by the Battalion of Cadets from the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, accompanied by their Band, with the Battalion of hearing and speaking Cadets, of St. Anne's Guards, U. B. B. A. thus bringing together the deaf and hearing in the same command, a feature which will arouse the interest of all who are interested in military affairs.

This Regiment will be commanded by Captain John F. Jenkins, of C Company, Seventy-First Regiment, and reviewed by Capt. Walter Delamater, of K Company, Seventy-First Regiment.

Following the Review, the Butts' Rifle Drill will be given by the Deaf Cadets, with music by their own Band. This will be followed by evening Parade, and the remainder of the evening will be devoted to dancing.

Tickets, admitting Gentleman and Lady, 50 cents. Extra Ladies' Tickets (25 cents) can be secured at the door the evening of the exhibition, or from the Entertainment Committee at the Armory.

NEXT Comes New Yorkers' Annual Treat A NIGHT WITH The League of Elect Surds Alhambra Theatre Hall

126th Street West and Seventh Avenue
(Lenox Avenue Subway one block distant.)

On Wednesday Evening, January 27th, 1909

SUPERB DRAMATIC PRODUCTION OF THE FOUR-ACT FARCE UNDER A MASK

Under the able management of Dr. T. F. Fox
With five principal and thirty-eight auxiliary characters by members of the League of Elect Surds, to be followed by the League's

GRAND ANNUAL BALL

ORCHESTRA LEADER, PROF. HILGEMAN
Tickets, now selling, - - - 50 Cents

Special—Alhambra Hall is New York's finest and safest.
Seventeen Boxes reserved at an additional charge of twenty-five cents per person.

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE :
MAX MILLER, Chairman
WILLIAM G. JONES
ELMER E. HANNAN

Attention! Attention, Ye lovers of fun!!
Keep in mind the date of the

THIRD ANNUAL MANTINEE Masque and Ball

of the
N. J. Deaf-Mute Society

Proceeds for Benefit of DEATH FUND
Monday Afternoon and Evening,
February 22d, 1909
(Washington's Birthday)

AT PHOENIX HALL
Grand St. and Summit Ave.,
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Hall open at 2 o'clock P.M.
Music by our Favorite.

TICKETS, - - - 25 CENTS

Valuable prizes awarded, and the Society assures all who attend of a very enjoyable afternoon and evening.

Supper ticket can be obtained from any member, or by addressing the Chairman, Albert Balmuth, 162 Bigelow St., Newark, N. J., Supper served from 5:30 to 7 P.M.

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE
Albert Balmuth, Chairman
Wm. Atkinson Wm. Dietrich
Robert Paterson John M. Black

How to reach the Hall from New York—Take the Ferry from Cortlandt, Dearbroses and 22d Streets to Jersey City, and take the trolley cars "Plank Road" and "Green-ville" to the Hall.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE Deaf-Mutes' Journal ONLY \$1 a Year.

XAVIER DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

205 West 14th Street.

ENTERTAINMENT COURSE.

LETTERS AND MEMOIRS

OF

Henry Van Rensselaer, S.J.

a Recital by

MR. JOHN F. O'BRIEN

at the Club House

Sunday Evening, Jan. 31st,

at 8 o'clock.

Admission, - - 15 Cents

Direction Entertainment Committee.

"The Confederate Spy"

A STIRRING DRAMA
OF THE CIVIL WAR

PRESENTED BY

THE PEET DRAMATIC CLUB

AT

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes

Saturday Evening, Feb. 13th.

(Curtain rises at 8.30)

Admission, - - 25 cents
Reserved Seats, - 35 cents

Come One! Come All!

Patriotic Party and a Short Tableau

under the auspices of the

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

AT

ST. MARK'S CHAPEL

Adelphi St., near DeKalb Ave.

Thursday, February 18th, 1909

Doors open at 7:30 o'clock P.M.

ADMISSION, - - 25 CENTS

(including refreshments.)

ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY

GRAND MASK Dance and Social

GIVEN BY THE

Deaf-Mute Benevolent Society Hartford, Ct.

CONWAY'S ACADEMY OF DANCING

New Hall, 400 Main St.

Friday Evening, Feb. 19, 1909

Five dollars in gold for the best costumed lady, and five dollars for the funniest costumed gentleman. Different prizes for various games.

The hall is five minutes' walk down Main Street, South of City Hall, to the Fourth Street at the left, No. 400 Main Street.

Open All Night.

For further particulars address E. C. Luther, 22 Spring Street, Hartford, Ct.

This masquerade is to be held only after many and repeated requests after such a successful masquerade last winter.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS :
N. C. Rock, Chairman
E. C. Luther Mrs. N. C. Rock
W. C. Barrows Mrs. R. Waters

Single Admission, 25 Cents a person.

READING

ON

"The County Fair"

BY

Prof. W. G. Jones

In the rooms of the

Deaf-Mutes Union League

149 West 125th St.

ON

Saturday, February 20th, 1909
at 8 o'clock P.M.

Admission, - - 25 cents

— THE —

Xavier Ephpheta Society Exhibition

BY DEAF-MUTE BOYS AND GIRLS

FOR THE SUPPORT OF

Deaf-Mute Sunday Schools

and other Charities

Sunday Afternoon, Feb. 28, 1909

AT 8 O'CLOCK

COLLEGE THEATRE

40 West 16th Street

Admission, - - 25 Cents

MONOMANIACS

"In my judgment," says a student of insanity, "there are hundreds of people walking the street of all the big cities to-day who are insane upon some one topic and who only need a reference to it in conversation or otherwise to throw them into a severe irrational tantrum, and my experience satisfies me that the asylums are crowded with persons who appear to be the most reasonable beings on earth until their attention is directed toward some subject that disturbs their mental apparatus and makes them dangerous subjects."

"The most striking incident of this kind that has ever come under my observation occurred when some years ago I was visiting an asylum in Edinburgh. I was introduced to a patient who had been a physician. He was intelligent, and I had a long conversation with him on general topics without the slightest knowledge on my part that he was a patient. When bidding him adieu I remarked that we were likely to have a beautiful moonlight night. In a second his whole demeanor changed. Instead of being a cultured, amiable gentleman, he became a raving maniac and was quickly seized by several attendants. My simple allusion to the moon had done the whole business."

"It seems that this doctor, who had a large practice at one time, had become enamored of a study of astronomy and had for some years been endeavoring to invent a telescope which would enable him to get an interior view of the moon. He became crazy on that subject. His case was held to be incurable."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Young Men's Opportunities.

Some one had said that "an old man looks down and thinks of the past; a young man looks up and thinks of the future; a baby looks everywhere and thinks of nothing." Now while this is true of many old men and babies, it does not apply to very many of the young men of the present day. An instance that occurred in a small wholesale house to-day will illustrate this point.

A young man (nineteen) called by request, having answered my advertisement for "an assistant to the shipping clerk and to make himself generally useful, salary \$8 per week." After the usual formal questions he asked me about "the hours," to which I replied, "We don't keep open evenings, and if you are looking for 'hours'—say from 9 till 3—you are in the wrong place, you will not suit me."

The first young man to answer my request to call after being shown the work that he was to do said he was "satisfied with everything" and would come to work in the morning. Still another (nineteen) worked in this same capacity for a day, and when told that the hours were from 8 till 6 with an hour for dinner, said "Those are pretty long hours—and he didn't show up again." But let me tell you of another young man (twenty-five) who was "thinking of the future; he called in answer to a similar advertisement about five years ago. He said, "I believe my future lies in getting with the business; I'll start for \$10 a week." I employed him. He helped keep the books, sold goods, filled orders, made out bills, wrapped packages and even at times "swept out," and to-day he gets three times the salary and a quarter interest in the profits of my business. He was looking up and thinking of the future, but he asked me "What are the hours?" I would have given him the same answer that I gave this morning's applicant. Young men, look up, think of the future; get into a position and stick to it; make yourself valuable to your employer, and if he does not appreciate your worth in time, there are others that are looking for just such young men as you and who will gladly pay you in keeping with your ability. Young men, wake up, think of the future.—New York World.

Kissing the Hands.

The practice of kissing the hands was instituted by the early Roman rulers as a mark of subjection as much as one of respect, and under the first Caesars the custom was kept up, but only for a time. These worthies conceived the idea that the proper homage due to their exalted station called for less familiar modes of obeisance, so the privilege of kissing the emperor's hand was reserved as a special mark of condescension or distinction for officers of high rank. Roman fathers considered the practice of kissing of so delicate a nature that they never kissed their wives in the presence of their daughters.

St. Thomas Mission, St. Louis.

Christ Cathedral Chapel, 13 and Locust Sts.

REV. J. H. CLOUD, Minister, 2906 Virginia Avenue.

Mr. Arthur O. Steidmann, Lay Reader.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Sunday School at 10 A.M.

Week-day meetings at 8 P.M., on first and third Fridays, in the Parish House.

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Ventilating Street Cars.

With his usual public-spirited push, Mr. Jay Cooke Howard sent the following to the Duluth Herald, and the result of its publication is that every ventilator in every car in Duluth is now open.

"The tuberculosis stamp has been sold from one end of the country to the other, and is being diligently 'licked' by rosy youth and crabbed age. This dread disease is suggested on billet doux and business correspondence; it is on the envelope carrying the check in payment and on the envelope bringing the dnn. The papers are full of the subject, it is being preached from the pulpit, and we will soon have phonograph records telling of it in dialect. The technical terms that are employed in bringing out the horror of the white plague are becoming household words and are being lisped by baby lips along with 'papa' and 'mamma.' With all this talk, with all this noise, with this great awakening, with all of this trumpeting of pure air, sunlight and cleanliness, we are pursuing the even tenor of our ways, like the cow 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.' To be sure, warning was sounded at the tuberculosis meeting against the water and light department banking its hydrants with fly-breezing manure, these maternity hospitals for flies that are conveniently placed all about the city. The warning was heeded to the extent that the manure was boxed in on the sides, to make the aforementioned maternity hospitals more snug and tight, so that the festive hen could not scratch around and disturb the fly eggs. So far so good."

"But there is one other thing that probably breeds more disease than the other multitude of evil things all put together. It is something that can be remedied to an extent by the voice of one man. It is something that just about every person in Duluth has to stick his head into and take his chances. Years ago a crusade was started against spitting on the floor of street cars. It has borne results, and to-day the gentleman of the East end who has to expectorate does so down the side of his trousers' leg, in a shamefaced sort of fashion, and hopes no one has seen him, while the lumberjack gets up from his seat, tucks to the rear platform and 'lets'er go, Gallagher.' The street car company educated the whole population to the dangers of this practice, because it was spoiling the car floors and rusting the running gear. If the street car company would now turn its gaze upward to the ventilators in the roof of the car, and line its conductors up in a row and give them a 'fresh air' lecture, it would be doing more good than all the Red Cross stamp-licking that has been done in Duluth. At this season of the year, when almost everyone packs out a car, and they are crowded in at about forty-seven to the square inch, the ventilators of the cars are more ornamental than useful, for the conductor wants a warm place to snuggle into, and an open ventilator would perhaps lower the temperature a few degrees."

"Just stand on the rear platform of a Lakeside car during rush hours when the car is crowded to its capacity, and every time the door is opened a gust of germ-laden air will come out and hit you in the face sufficient to stagger you. Could we but have magnifying glasses screwed into our eyes and discern the different germs that come out in that gust, we would undoubtedly see a great variety of strange and awful shapes. There would be the Gordon Highlander germs with hair on their legs, with tartans and with plaids, the Chasseurs of the Guard, and light and heavy Dragons. Undoubtedly they whirl forth with martial music playing the charge, and formed in battalions, phalanxes and squares; they come four abreast and by regiments, and if they are as horrid-looking things as medical treatises would lead us to believe, the most sober of us would think we had delirium tremens, and we would jump from the car and take to the tall timber, and vow to climb on the water wagon. Because we cannot see all of the strange and terrible shapes that charge us and penetrate our entire systems, we sit complacently in these cleaning houses of disease germs and swap those we may have about us with those possessed by every other individual in the car. The very thickness of the air tells us that every particle of it has been used over and over again, until it is as heavily laden as the sinful soul. I suggest that it is about time for us to stop licking the disinfected glue off the Red Cross stamps and insist upon using the ventilators now in the cars. I suggest that more good will come from educating the street car conductors to the danger of foul air in street cars, than from hurling high-sounding phrases at the heads of people intelligent enough to keep themselves reasonably clean. It is time to do something besides talk."

A Yorkshire, Eng., collier raises about two tons of coal a day.